

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it.
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit.*

Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,

Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,
That these times can allow.

Arcite. I am proud to please you.

Thes. What Countreie bred you?

Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heire?

Arcite. His yongest Sir.

Thes. Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship; yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Souldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Pirith. Vpon my soule, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him Ladie?

Hip. I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble
(If he say true,) of his sort.

Emil. Belceve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.

Hyp. But his Body

This short flourish of Cornets and Showtes within.

And frie minde, illustrate a brave Father.

Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baser garments.

Hyp. Hee's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seeke this place Sir?

Arc. Noble *Theseus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-cyd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Pirithous*,

Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Pirith. Thanks *Theseus*.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,

This bright yong Virgin; pray observe her goodnesse;
You have honoured hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hirs: kisse her faire hand Sir.

Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: dearest Bewtie,

Thus let me seale my vowd faith: when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emil. That were too cruell.
If you deserve well Sir; I shall soone see'ts (you)

Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

Per. Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say

You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you

This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be readie,

And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all

To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance

To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well Sir

Vpon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope

He shall not goe a foote.

F

Emil.